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England, the God whose hand
 Avengeth not amiss,
 Upon thy proud and guilty land
 Will lay his scourge for this !

“ Brother, thy drooping head
 Raise, ere thy spirit go ;
 Hark ! to the far off sounds of dread
 Which paralyse thy foe !

“ Rapid from shore to shore,
 Deepening upon the wind,
 Comes pealing with triumphant power,
 The THUNDER of the MIND.

“ Where'er a tyrant 's felt,
 Mark how its lightnings play !
 And quick as thought each chain they melt
 Fast from the slave away.”

The slave rais'd up his head,
 Nor did his spirit go,
 Till it heard the coming sounds of dread
 That paralyz'd his foe !

Peal on, thou MORAL STORM !
 Lightnings, dash down the chain !
 That none who bear man's godlike form
 Shall e'er be slaves again !

AFRICA AND AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.*

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library is one of a new and somewhat peculiar class of Periodicals, that seem to have grown out of the plan of the Encyclopædia, on which they are, in some respects, a decided improvement ; and, if conducted with ability, bid fair to form a new era in the history of literature. The plan of periodical publication is itself an invention of comparatively modern days. It began with newspapers, which soon told as effectually upon the style, as upon the politics of the age. These were followed by pamphlets. The *Spectator* belonged to a different class, and was purely literary in its manner and design. It was followed by a host of other periodicals, belonging to the same school, and emanating from it. Then came the *Magazine*. The *Annual* has shot up within our own memory, and has had a most luxuriant growth, though we fear too rapid for its strength or durability. If supplanted by “the Libraries,” we shall not regret the exchange.

In a former Number we noticed, in a passing way, the first volume of this interesting publication, which, on a further acquaintance, we are happy to state, does great credit to the compilers and publishers. As far as it has gone, it is certainly no mere catch-penny—no hasty production of an hour—no mere publishers' book, “got up” by persons incompetent for the task—a character, which, we are sorry to say, would not be equally applicable to some others of a similar genus, which we could name. The two volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, already published, appear to have been well digested, and carefully compiled from the best authorities by talented individuals, who have

* Edinburgh Cabinet Library.—Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, from the earliest ages to the present time : with illustrations of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor Jameson, James Wilson, Esq. F.R.S.E. and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd.

also brought their own powers of mind to bear on the different subjects of which they have treated. The present volume contains nearly five hundred pages, and is sold at a price which can scarcely be considered a tax upon knowledge. The subject is one at once important and attractive ; and we feel that the scientific and popular manner in which it has been treated, would claim from us a more than ordinary share of attention.

We have often pored over the map of Africa with intense and mingled feelings. There is not, in our apprehension, anywhere to be found a more interesting specimen of the march of science, and the progress of discovery. The western world seemed at once to burst upon the view of the daring navigators whom the genius of Columbus first directed to its shores. That vast continent, with its island satellites, was traversed, and explored, and conquered with an unparalleled rapidity. *Veni, vidi, vici*, might have been the motto on the shields and banners of the warlike visitants by whom it was invaded and overrun. The map of America had no sooner begun to be numbered among the etchings of the geographer, than its extended outline was filled up with names of towns and tribes, of rivers, lakes, and mountains. Except in the bleak extremities of the north and south, little was left of unoccupied space for the eye to gaze upon with the feeling of unsatisfied inquiry. The idea of an unknown world had scarcely been suggested to the minds of Europeans, ere it ceased to be unknown—scarcely had the event of its discovery been registered among the records of history, when the circumstances of its conquest began to furnish fresh and more wonderful materials for the historian's pen. We have not quite lost sight of a Columbus, when we are hurried, as by a magic spell, along with a Cortes and a Pizarro, in their various and astonishing exploits ; and that with an intensity of interest and a rapid succession of marvellous events, which leave us neither time nor inclination to turn aside for a moment, and ask after the successive fleets, whether of pirates or of merchants, we scarcely know which to call them, that are meanwhile exploring its numberless islands, or making invasive descents upon different parts of its extensive coast. And before we have been released from the power of this spell, the continent is alive from north to south with European emigrants : its mighty forests are fast falling before the axes of these hardy settlers—its savannahs are making room for their accommodation—its swamps are cultivated, and its deserts peopled by them ; while such of its native tribes as are not melted away before European artifice and cruelty, receding from the shores to the inland wildernesses, in order to obtain habitations more secure from the footstep of the invader, in this way furnish almost every part of its wide extent with a known and recognised population. No event of the kind could possibly be more rapid than the progress of the discovery and settlement of America.

Not so with Africa. With the exception of the narrow stripe properly called Egypt, and extending little further on either side than the banks of the Nile, the coasts of the Mediterranean were for centuries almost the only part of that vast continent that was at all known to Europeans ; nor could even this scanty portion be said to have been by any means accurately explored. Some vague conjectures with respect to its climate and extent ; and some equally vague rumours of voyages by which it had been nearly circumnavigated, are the only intimations which we have for ages, either of its form, or of its dimensions. The commercial enterprises of the Carthaginians, the victorious progress of the Roman arms, the establishment of a Vandal monarchy, its overthrow by

Belisarius, and in later days the almost romantic exploits of the Turks, have involved this tract of country in repeated revolutions, and have identified its various parts with our historical associations. Indeed, of such associations, classical as well as historical, few countries can boast of a greater number than the Barbary coast. It was the region of ancient romance: here dwelt the giant Atlas, and Homer's

“Pygmean infantry, warr'd on by cranes.”

Here was the garden of the Hesperides, with its golden apples and their formidable guardian. Here, to pass from poetic fictions to the facts of history, Carthage rose and flourished. It was the scene of Dido's fame, the cradle of Hannibal's infancy, and the field of Scipio's glory. It has been consecrated in the recollections of the patriot, by the sufferings of Regulus, and by the last struggles of Cato. It has been stained by the crimes of Jugurtha, and by the blood of the grandsons of Masinissa. Nor, if Ecclesiastical History be the favourite subject of our researches, can the country of Cyprian be deemed barren of interest, or destitute of importance. Well might we ask, what still mightier revolutions than those that have changed so frequently its civil state, have so utterly annihilated every vestige of its once flourishing ecclesiastical establishments? Or how comes it to pass, that with a country, with whose shores we have been so familiarized in the details of ancient history, and which was once linked to Europe in the possession of a common faith, we should now possess so imperfect and unsatisfactory an acquaintance?

We have indeed been seeking to renew our intercourse with the coast of Africa by means of occasional visitants who have given us some idea of its present condition. The possession of Algiers by an European power, seems to promise an opportunity of a wider and more accurate survey. But the jealousy of Moorish settlers has proved an obstacle to discover more formidable than even the desert of Sahara, or the fatal simoon, which with death upon its wings, traverses its inhospitable waste. Secured behind such impenetrable barriers, the extensive regions of interior Africa have appeared as if hermetically sealed against every European visitor. And years upon years have rolled by, during which we have been able to obtain respecting those regions, but scanty and unsatisfactory information.

The spirited enterprises carried forward under the auspices of Don Henry of Portugal did enable our geographers to sketch the outline of the map of Africa; but, with the exception of here and there a point at which some venturous mariners had touched, what has that map been till very recently but a mere outline of the African coast? To the eye that looked for information as to the interior of that continent, it has presented but an uninteresting blank, scarcely to be distinguished from the watery waste by which it is environed. Over this void space the Equinoctial seems to stride in sullen and silent majesty, like the deserted and useless bridge so beautifully described by one of our modern poets in “the City of the Plague.” We often recollect, in the playful studies of childhood, gazing with some degree of wonder and suspicion at the mountains of the moon, which we were at times strongly tempted to fancy good Mr. Sharman had invented for the purpose of filling up the unaccountable vacancy of his map, and had set down just in the centre of Africa, like an oasis in the bosom of one of its own dreary and inhospitable deserts.

We have now the pleasure of observing this blank beginning to be filled up with names and spots of interest. The sources of the Nile are

marked, and the course of the Niger nearly traced. The boundaries of kingdoms once unknown are now defined with a tolerable degree of exactness. Where all was formerly suspected to be an uninhabitable wilderness, we now see the map studded with the names of towns and villages, the situation of which has been very precisely ascertained. Even the once pointed Cape of Storms seems gradually to have rounded and expanded; and instead of having the idea conveyed to us of a narrow, jutting and almost insulated promontory, we now find space enough upon our maps for tracing in fancy the outline of its huge Table mountains, and of its widely stretching and magnificent bay. With the surrounding coast on either side, from the mouth of the Orange River to Delagoa Bay, we are becoming gradually better acquainted. From this extremity of the Peninsula, travellers have been pushing their researches with unwearied industry, while others with equal ardour have been penetrating the interior from the north and from the west. As the map has been thus filling up under our own eye; as we have been watching town after town, and country after country, emerging like so many coral islands from what had seemed before but one vast sandy ocean, the very slowness of the process has served to give us some idea of the toilsome and perilous efforts by which these discoveries have been gradually achieved.

Yet, even now, who can look upon the map of Africa without a feeling of dissatisfaction, as he measures with his eye the immense regions that remain unexplored? Little yet is known of the country that lies between Fezzan and the Western boundary of Egypt; and this tract of terra incognita, exceeding ten degrees in breadth, widens considerably as we move towards the south. With the exception of some few stripes upon the coast, the whole Table land, or what may be properly called the Peninsula of Africa, continues unexplored; indeed from the confines of Barca down to Kurrcechane, there is an uninterrupted tract from north to south of this great continent, of which we know absolutely nothing but from rumour or conjecture. It is hardly possible under such circumstances not to feel a sensible impatience of the limits within which human knowledge must be content to range, and a restless curiosity to rove beyond them. Who that is susceptible of such emotions can pore over a map of Africa, and not long to be a traveller?

Such is said to be the effect which the sight of this map produced upon the mind of M. Caillie, the last and, in some respects, the most fortunate of African discoverers. We do not wonder at its producing this effect. It requires but a little spark to set an ardent genius in a flame; and in this instance there was a torch to assist in its ignition. Robinson Crusoe has made a traveller of many a headstrong youth besides Caillie; though with few others has the result been equally advantageous. We have no inclination to depreciate the exertions or discoveries of this traveller, because he is a Frenchman; and it is but common justice to accord a due share of praise to the ardour he has displayed in prosecuting his object with exceedingly limited means. Though his parentage was humble and his origin mean, a wish to distinguish himself as a traveller, seems to have taken early possession of his breast, and led him with that exhaustless elasticity of spirit for which his countrymen are proverbial, to struggle through difficulties and obstacles, a tithe of which would have completely extinguished the ardour of a less sanguine mind. With but £80 in his purse, the amount of his savings from the situations which he held through the kindness of the British governors at Sierra Leone; and with the prospect of a thousand francs

as the reward of his perils, if successful, he dashed into the interior, visited the important towns of Jenné and Timbuctoo, crossed the Sahara, passed through the date woods of Tafilet, climbed the Atlas, over which he made his way to Fez, and ultimately reached Tangier, whence he returned to his native land, where he was presented with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour, was more substantially remunerated with a pension, and has certainly reaped the full harvest of his reward in the extravagant praises of his countrymen.

We have styled him the most fortunate of African discoverers ; for Africa has been the grave of spirited and enterprising men. If ever the misfortunes of adventurers were calculated to abate the *mania* of discovery, we know of no antidote more likely to effect a cure than the narratives of travellers in Western Africa especially. There are few of these distinguished men who have not fallen victims to their own ardour in the pursuit of the object they had in view. While we lament the sacrifice of human life that has been made for such an object, we cannot but admire the brilliant instances of self-denial, decision, and high-minded perseverance which the narrative of African discoveries affords. A circumstance this which sets that narrative in advantageous contrast with the history of the discovery and settlement of America. With the exception of Columbus, there is scarcely one of the first explorers of America whose footsteps are not to be traced in blood. If the proceedings of the discoverers of Africa be without the romantic interest of the early adventures of Europeans in the new world, they are also free from the sanguinary character by which those adventures have been so deeply and indelibly blotted. But though our travellers are free from the imputation, European connexion has been, even to Africa, a sufficient curse. The horrid slave trade is a still deeper tragedy than the sacking of Mexico, or the conquest of Peru ; and it is but a sickly sentimentality that quails not at the wholesale butcheries of that infamous traffic, while it pretends to nauseate the cruelties of Pizarro and of his infernal associates.

We must not attempt to glance at the history of the earlier settlements upon the African coast, much less recur to the travels and voyages that have had reference to this continent in periods still more remote. The establishment of the African Association in Great Britain, not quite twenty years before the close of the last century, was the commencement of a new era in African discoveries. Yet, all that this association could propose as the reward of adventures in its service, was the bare salary that would be requisite for the adventurer's support. It is creditable to the disinterested spirit of British enterprize, that a proposal offering such disadvantageous terms should at once have called forward a greater number of suitable individuals than could be employed in the undertaking, on the limited means which the association possessed. And never was any scientific body more fortunate in enlisting in its service a succession of competent persons, in whom the accomplishment of the society's objects seemed to be

“ The ruling passion, strong in death ! ”

We have often dwelt with admiration on the character of the intrepid LEDYARD, the leader of this noble band of martyrs to the cause of science ; and have not unfrequently regretted that his short career did not afford the requisite time for its full development. From the fact of his having been a companion of Captain Cook, and a traveller from his birth, it is no wonder that Sir Joseph Banks should at once have

fixed upon him as the man for African discovery. We can partake in the delighted surprise of the secretary to the association, when, on asking him how soon he would be prepared for the expedition, he received the prompt and laconic reply, "*to-morrow.*" To the ardency of temper which this memorable answer indicates, Ledyard ultimately fell a victim. His impatience at the tedious delays which detained him at Cairo, brought on a bilious attack; and his impatience of the additional delay which would be occasioned by disease, led him to use desperate remedies, under the violence of which his constitution gave way. His successor, LUCAS, though he acquired considerable information, did not penetrate far into the country.

Major HOUGHTON, more successful in obtaining access to the interior by another route, when pressing forward with sanguine expectations of reaching Timbuctoo, was decoyed by some treacherous Moors out of his direct course; who having stripped him of every thing, left him to perish in the desert; where, after wandering till worn out with fatigue and want, he sat down under a tree and expired.

The celebrated MUNGO PARK, who comes next upon the roll of African travellers, was pointed out the spot where his predecessor died—a circumstance which afforded him a melancholy premonition of his own unhappy end. Yet the misfortunes of those who had preceded him, seemed rather to animate than to discourage this extraordinary man: that he was an extraordinary man every circumstance of his history conspires to prove. We select but two; his learning the Mandingo language while laid up with a fever at Pisania, and his acquiring a knowledge of the Arabic characters during the time of his detention and sufferings at Benown.

The travels of Mungo Park furnish materials for a story of peculiar interest; though in any attempt to abridge them, especially from an abridgement, much of the charm of the original narrative would be unavoidably lost. The following are a few of the incidents of his perilous journey and eventful life. He had not penetrated beyond the point to which Major Houghton had prosecuted his discoveries, when he began to experience the hardships and trials of his undertaking. Some of these arose from natural causes, and such, however severe, he must have reckoned beforehand on being called occasionally to encounter.—After a battle between the Moors and Negroes, in which he was reluctantly compelled to accompany the Moorish army, on its defeat, fearful of being mistaken for a Moor by the conquering party, he secured himself by flight.

"In flying from savage man, he soon found himself involved in a danger still more alarming. He was in the midst of an immense desert, in which was neither food nor a drop of water. Having ascended a lofty tree within his reach, he could see no boundary to the scene of desolation. The pangs of thirst became intolerable, a dimness spread over his eyes, and he felt as if this life, with all its mingled joys and miseries, was about to close—as if all the hopes of glory by which he had been impelled to this adventurous career had vanished, and he was to perish at the moment, when a few days more would have brought him to the Niger. Suddenly he saw a flash of lightning, and eagerly hailed it as a portent of rain; the wind then began to blow among the bushes; but it was a sand-wind, which continued for an hour to fill the air. At last there burst forth a brighter flash, followed by a refreshing shower, which being received upon his clothes, and the moisture wrung out, gave him new life. He travelled onwards, passing, but carefully shunning, a village of the Moors; when thirst, imperfectly satisfied, began again to torment him. Then he heard a heavenly sound, the croaking of

frogs, and soon reached the muddy pools they inhabited, when the thirst both of himself and his horse was thoroughly quenched."

But his perils arose not so much from deserts or wild beasts, as from the barbarism and cupidity of the Moors. His treatment at Benowm, the capital of the Moorish kingdom of Ludamar, may serve as a specimen.

"Benowm, the Moorish capital, to which Park was then conveyed, proved to be a mere camp, composed of a number of dirty tents, intermingled with herds of camels, horses, and oxen. He was surrounded by crowds, actuated partly by curiosity, and partly by that malignant feeling which always inflames Moors against Christians. They snatched off his hat, made him unbutton his clothes to show the whiteness of his skin, and counted his fingers and toes, to see if he were really of the same nature with themselves. After being kept for some time in the sun, he was lodged in a hut made of corn-stalks, supported by posts, to one of which was tied a wild hog, evidently in derision, and to intimate that they were fit associates for each other. The hog, indeed, would have been the most harmless part of the affair, had not idle boys taken delight in tormenting and working up the animal to a constant state of fury. Crowds of men and women incessantly poured in to see the white man, and he was obliged to continue the whole day buttoning and unbuttoning his clothes, to show his skin, and the European manner of dressing and undressing. When curiosity was satisfied, the next amusement was to plague the Christian, and he became the sport of the meanest and most vulgar members of this rude community. The Moorish horsemen took him out and galloping round him, baited him as if he had been a wild beast, twirling their swords in his face to show their skill in horsemanship. Repeated attempts were made to compel him to work. One of Ali's sons desired him to mend the lock of a double-barrelled gun, and could scarcely be persuaded that all Europeans did not ply the trade of a smith. He was also installed as barber, and directed to shave the head of a young prince; but not relishing this function, he contrived to give his highness such a cut, that Ali took the alarm, and discharged him as incapable. That chief, under the pretence of securing him against depredation, seized for himself all that remained of the traveller's property. Having examined the instruments, he was greatly astonished at the compass, and particularly at its always pointing towards the Great Desert. Park, thinking it vain to attempt any scientific exposition, said, its direction was always to the place where his mother dwelt; whereupon Ali, struck with superstitious dread, desired it to be taken away.

"Amid these insults, Park's sufferings were the more severe from the very scanty measure of food with which he was supplied. At midnight only he received a small mess of kouskous, not nearly enough to satisfy nature. He had been invited, indeed, to kill and dress his companion the hog; but this he considered as a snare laid for him, believing that the Mohammedans had they seen him feasting on this impure and hated flesh, would have killed him on the spot. As the dry season advanced, water became scarce and precious, and only a very limited quantity was allowed to reach the infidel, who thus endured the pangs of the most tormenting thirst. On one occasion, a Moor, who was drawing water for his cows, yielded to his earnest entreaty that he might put the bucket to his mouth; then, struck with sudden alarm at such a profanation of the vessel, seized it, and poured it into a trough desiring him to share with the cattle. Park overcame the risings of pride, plunged his head into the water, and enjoyed a delicious draught."

Through all his route, while thus barbarously treated by the Moors, he received the kindest usage in general from the Negroes. On one occasion, finding every door shut against him in a village where he had been ordered by the monarch of Bambarra to halt for further orders,

"Having turned his horse to graze, he was preparing, as a security from wild beasts, to climb a tree and sleep among the branches, when a beautiful and

affecting incident occurred, which gives a most pleasing view of the Negro character. An old woman, returning from the labours of the field, cast on him a look of compassion, and desired him to follow her. She led him to an apartment in her hut, procured a fine fish, which she boiled for his supper, and spread a mat for him to sleep upon. She then desired her maidens, who had been gazing with fixed astonishment at the white man, to resume their tasks, which they continued to ply during a great part of the night. They cheered their labours with a song, which must have been composed *extempore*, since Mr. Park, with deep emotion, discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said, in a strain of affecting simplicity—"The wind roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus*—Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," &c. Our traveller was much affected, and next morning could not depart without requesting his landlady's acceptance of the only gift he had left, two out of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat."

What a reward must it have been after all the hardships of the former part of his journey, to realise an important part, at all events, of the object for which he had set out upon his travels! He was in a truly pitiable condition, when he was informed by his fellow travellers, (from whom he had experienced few other indications of friendship,) that on the morrow he might expect to reach the spot from which he should obtain the first view of the Niger.

"He passed a sleepless night, but, starting before day-break, he had the satisfaction, at eight o'clock, to see the smoke rising over Sego. He overtook some former fellow-travellers, and, in riding through a piece of marshy ground, one of them called out, *geo affila*, (see the water,) and looking forward, 'I saw,' says he, 'with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission, the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.'"

This remark, and some others scattered through his narrative, would lead us to hope that Park was at times the subject of still higher and happier reflections, than the mere hope of accomplishing the object of his journey could inspire; and that these in many a moment of despondency, relieved and supported his drooping spirits.

On one occasion, stripped of almost every article of clothing, and under a deeper feeling of depression than he remembered ever before to have experienced—

"Naked and alone, in a vast wilderness, 500 miles from any settlement, surrounded by savage beasts and by men still more savage, he saw no prospect before him but to lie down and perish. From this depth of despondency his mind was suddenly revived, by a mingled impression of nature and of religion. A small moss, in a state of fructification, struck his eye, the delicate conformation of whose roots, leaves, and capsule, could not be contemplated without admiration. He then bethought himself—'Can that Being, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure corner of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image?' Inspired by these just and pious reflections, he started up and went on, despite of fatigue; and he soon found deliverance to be nearer than he had any reason to anticipate."

Notwithstanding the discoveries which were the result of his second expedition, it is almost to be regretted that he was not satisfied with the well-earned laurels which rewarded his first efforts. But his enterprising mind was soon tempted away from the pursuits of a respectable

profession and the tranquillity of domestic life, to encounter once more the climate and the dangers of Africa. His plans on this occasion seem to have been laid with considerable judgment, and his measures appeared such as were likely to ensure success: he was resolved on succeeding or perishing in the attempt. His language to Lord Camden was—"Though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere." In a letter to his wife, he expressed equal ardour, and perfect confidence as to the result. At this time his party of Europeans, originally consisting of forty-two, was reduced to five. Among those whose death he had to deplore, was his own brother-in-law, whose society throughout the former part of his progress, had been a great source of comfort to him amidst all his trials. His own end was not far distant; and with that melancholy event the expedition terminated. As he was proceeding on his voyage down the Niger, full of the most sanguine anticipations that he would now accomplish the object so anxiously sought, by tracing its course to the sea, and unappalled by the calamities he had hitherto encountered, his progress was unexpectedly stopped in a very narrow part of the channel, where the petty monarch of a neighbouring state, jealous at being overlooked by our traveller in the distribution of his presents, had posted a band of barbarians to intercept and murder him. On the arrival of the little crew, the miserable remnant of the expedition, at this fatal spot, they were assailed with lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. "Park defended himself for a long time; when two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed. The crew threw every thing they had into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and seeing no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water. Martyn did the same, and they were all drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave that remained in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons into it without ceasing, stood up and said to them—"Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me." They took possession of both, and carried them to the king."

The death of Mungo Park does not close the sad list of sacrifices that have been made to the spirit of African adventure. HORNEMAN, who assumed the habit of an Arab along with the religion of a Moslem, in order the more securely to gain his point, after having crossed the desert from Tripoli, and penetrated as far as Nyffe on the Niger, dropped under the combined influence of disease and the climate. NICHOLLS and ROENTGEN fell at the very threshold of their undertaking, the one by an epidemic fever, the other by the treachery of his guides. Some valuable chance information was furnished by ADAMS and RILEY, the former an American sailor, the latter supercargo of an American brig.

The discovery of the course of the Niger, and the opening thereby of a means of communication with interior Africa, was now deemed a matter of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the British government. Expeditions were accordingly fitted out for the purpose. These were as unfortunate as the more private adventures of the African Association. CAPTAIN TUCKEY and his brave companions fell one after another in their attempts to navigate to its source the Congo, conjectured, we apprehend incorrectly, to be but a continuation of the course of the Niger. Major PEDDIE, his successor Captain CAMPBELL, and after him, Lieutenant STOKOE, a volunteer upon the expedition, on whom, in consequence of the death of Campbell, the command devolved, perished

successively in the effort to accomplish another part of the plan, which was to descend the Niger, in expectation of meeting the expedition up the Congo. For this purpose they set out from the mouth of the Senegal, but did not succeed in reaching the banks of the Niger. Captain GRAY, who had accompanied Campbell in this expedition, undaunted by its disastrous termination, undertook to penetrate to the Niger by another route. But though prevented from proceeding by the jealousy of the king of Bondou, at whose capital he spent nearly a year, in the hope of overcoming this unlooked for obstacle, he was more fortunate than his predecessors in bringing back his entire party. About the time of the failure of this expedition, another under the direction of Mr. RITCHIE and Lieutenant LYON, set out from Tripoli, in the hope of reaching the Niger by the northern route, and with the intention of navigating it to the sea. They were unable to penetrate further than the extreme boundary of Fezzan. Lyon survived the hardships of the journey, and returned in safety; but the name of Ritchie must be added to the list of African martyrs.

About two years afterwards, Major LAING made a successful journey from Sierra-Leone, in the course of which he seems to have gained more accurate information than had hitherto been possessed, as to the source of the Niger; but was unfortunately tempted a second time to hazard himself upon the wilds of Africa. On his route from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, he was attacked in the desert by a band of savages, and covered with many dreadful wounds; his recovery from which appeared little short of miraculous. After in vain attempting to advance further into the country, he was compelled to return; and on his homeward journey, was basely murdered in the desert by the Moor, under whose protection he had placed himself.

We now come to the latest of these hazardous and unfortunate experiments. Doctor OUDNEY, Major DENHAM, and Lieutenant CLAPPERTON, were the parties employed. The perils which these indefatigable travellers had to encounter, were numerous and great; and the diversified incidents of their journey, render its narrative peculiarly interesting. They succeeded in penetrating beyond the southern shores of Lake Tchad, discovered the River Shary, which some have supposed to be the continuation of the Niger, and which is described as a very majestic stream, and explored the surrounding country with an assiduity and diligence that did not leave a single opportunity of acquiring information unimproved. The ardent zeal of Major Denham in particular, repeatedly involved him in circumstances of imminent danger. Oudney, in the last stage of consumption, yet insisted on continuing the journey; and when almost in the agonies of death, ordered himself to be supported by his servant to his camel; but his companion Clapperton, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, ordered him back to his tent, where, very shortly afterwards, he expired. Clapperton, unable to obtain permission, or the requisite assistance to cross the country to the Gulf of Benin, as was originally designed, rejoined his surviving associate, with whom he re-crossed the desert, and returned to Tripoli in safety.

Clapperton's second journey, which closes the disastrous series, appears, from its commencement, to have been characterized by some degree of imprudence, and no small share of misfortune. It commenced from Badagry, on the slave coast, and lay through a country not previously traversed. Captain Clapperton's companions, with the exception of his faithful servant, fell victims to the unhealthiness of the climate, almost

in the commencement of their journey. His reception among the natives, through the greater part of his route, was of the most favourable character. He succeeded in connecting this with his former expedition, by reaching Kano, one of his former resting places. Here he found the inhabitants in a state of utter confusion, and on the eve of war. By the advice of sultan Bello, he repaired to Socatoo, where, harassed in mind, and diseased in body, he shortly after breathed his last. His death was an affecting scene :—

“The strong constitution of Clapperton had till this period enabled him to resist all the baneful influences of an African climate. He had recovered, though perhaps not completely, from the effects of the rash exposure which had proved fatal to his two companions ; but he had, when overcome with heat and fatigue, in hunting at Magaria, laid down on a damp spot in the open air, and was soon after seized with dysentery, which continued to assume more alarming symptoms. Indeed, after the seizure of the letter to the Sultan of Bornou, he was never seen to smile, and in his sleep was heard addressing loud reproaches to the Arabs. Unable to rise from bed, and deserted by all his African friends, who saw him no longer a favourite at court, he was watched with tender care by his faithful servant Richard Lander, who devoted his whole time to attendance on his sick master. At length he called him to his bedside, and said, ‘Richard, I shall shortly be no more—I feel myself dying.’ Almost choked with grief, Lander replied, ‘God forbid, my dear master—you will live many years yet.’ But the other replied, ‘Don’t be so much affected, my dear boy, I entreat you ; it is the will of the Almighty, it cannot be helped.’ He then gave particular directions as to the disposal of his papers, and of all that remained of his property ; to which strict attention was promised. ‘He then,’ says Lander, ‘took my hand within his, and looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said in a low, but deeply affecting tone, “My dear Richard, if you had not been with me I should have died long ago : I can only thank you with my latest breath for your kindness and attachment to me ; and if I could live to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want ; but God will reward you.”’ He still survived some days, and appeared even to rally a little ; but, one morning, Lander was alarmed by a peculiar rattling sound in his throat, and hastening to the bedside, found him sitting up, and staring wildly around him ; he laid his head gently on the dying man’s shoulder ; some indistinct words quivering on his lips ; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh.”

His faithful and intelligent servant, Lander, who seems to have imbibed somewhat of the spirit of his master, after celebrating his obsequies, resolved on accomplishing, in the course of his return to Badagry, the solution of the problem as to the course of the Niger, and was on his way to Fundah for that purpose, and within a few days of the spot where his object would have been realized, when compelled to return by some messengers of the king of Zeg-zeg, on pretence of a concern for his safety. Thus baffled and disappointed, he pursued the direct route to Badagry, every where upon his journey finding his master’s death deplored with the deepest lamentations.

There is the name of one more traveller that we must inscribe upon this melancholy list before we conclude, it is that of *Thomas Park*. His was a pilgrimage of filial piety : anxious to learn the particulars of his father’s fate—which had not then been distinctly ascertained—he was conveyed to the western coast of Africa, by order of the British government. He had succeeded in making some few observations, and was engaged in the study of the Ashantee language, when his labours and researches were terminated by an early death.

It would swell these observations far beyond the limits we can afford

to the subject, were we to advert to the names of some who have explored a more limited portion of western Africa, or to attempt noticing the researches of travellers in Egypt, and the neighbouring countries in south Africa. Egypt exhibits so much that is peculiar in its character, and differs so widely, in many respects, from the rest of this great continent, as fully to justify the arrangement, by which, in most collections of travels, it is made the subject of a separate volume. And as south Africa is the route by which it is to be expected that all future efforts at discovery will chiefly be made, the history of its explorers, must be considered as incomplete and imperfect.

In reviewing the Narratives of the Discoveries which we have so hastily sketched, it seems hard that so many valuable lives should have been sacrificed, in order to gain a better acquaintance with such savages as the Moors, or the Negroes of western Africa, and their no less savage kings and sultans; their miserable mud-built cities and skull-roofed palaces are, after all, no great objects of curiosity. And for such lives as have been lost on these expeditions, an acquaintance, or even a commercial intercourse with the Ashantees or the Fellatahs, would be but a poor compensation.

We should be sorry, however, to undervalue the important acquisitions of knowledge, or the improvements in science which may have been, or may yet be, the result of our African discoveries. We must admit, that to the naturalist, the scenes which Africa presents, must be such as to invite his scrutiny and research. Zoology, geology, and botany, have already found in Africa a wide and interesting field of observation; and every thing calculated to advance true science, we apprehend, is essentially subservient to the happiness and welfare of man. It is not for us to fix the *maximum* of the price at which such advantages must be purchased, or to say that knowledge is too dear, even when human life must be the cost paid for its acquisition.

Indeed Africa exhibits such features of peculiar interest, that we wonder not at its attracting the attention of travellers, nor at their anxiety to explore it, notwithstanding all the difficulties of the undertaking. We have ourselves at times, while ranging with the enthusiastic Vailant, through its southern plains and forests, almost wished to take gun in hand, and to sally forth on a similar crusade against gazellas and monkeys, even though we should have to lodge in a waggon, and encounter lions and buffaloes to boot. What a scene of unparalleled sublimity must be the sandy ocean of Sahara, that wilderness of death! and to gain some idea of a spectacle so awfully grand, who that loves to expatiate amidst the wonders of nature, would not even venture to encounter the horrors of its pestilential simoon? Nor perhaps can any but those who have traversed its extent, tell what it is after such a fearful journey to catch the distant view of the first fountain or river, or to discern the sickliest herbage that may indicate an approach to the regions of fertility. But to pass from such an arid waste, into countries where vegetation becomes luxuriant and gigantic, must be a transition of which untravelled minds can form but a faint and inadequate idea. Even without the force of contrast, the wonders of the vegetable world in Africa, the result of its peculiarly tropical climate, are of themselves sufficient to attract inquiry. Of these we can only notice three, the Carroo land of Southern Africa, which bare, and dry, and dusty, for the remainder of the year, cracked into a thousand fissures, and covered with the ashes of a former produce, starts into vegetable life for the space of one short month, and during this brief period puts on a complete carpet

of the most magnificent flowers, the fragrance of which diffuses all around the most agreeable perfume—the mangrove, which after growing to a particular height bends down its branches, which again take root, and sending up fresh shoots, these bend in like manner and propagate in their turn, until a single tree becomes a forest : and with such forests the rivers and marshes of Africa are often fringed and even overarched ;—and the calabash, the giant of the vegetable world, the trunk of which is said to be often upwards of seventy feet in girth, and the branches vast and numerous in proportion. It would be almost impossible, we conceive, for a man of genius to travel amidst such scenes without catching from them an enthusiasm that would urge him forward even at the hazard of his life ; and when we add to this the love of fame, the desire of distinction, and that thirst for applause so natural to the human mind, without the necessity of supposing some still higher motives, which the narratives of our travellers occasionally suggest ; we shall find an aggregate of powerful and excited feeling that will sufficiently account for the ardour with which African discoveries have been pursued.

We have no intention to depreciate the spirit or the motives of the valuable men who have sacrificed their lives in such a service. On the contrary, we admire the energy of character, the fixedness of purpose, and the heroic devotion to the attainment of their object which they have displayed. But we cannot pronounce their panegyric without feeling that there have been yet higher motives which have produced African travellers, by whom equal energy, steadiness, and devotedness have been displayed, and some of whom have also perished in the noble cause in which they have been engaged. Need we add, that we mean Christian missionaries. We rejoice that the day is gone by in which the page of literature would be regarded as blotted by the name. We must revere the generous feeling that brought a Vanderkempt to Africa, and respect even the amiable eccentricity that led him to live like a Hottentot, in order that he might be better able to do good to those outcast and degraded beings. To his philanthropy he fell a martyr. His heart was broken by the daily contemplation of innumerable wrongs perpetrated against these wretched beings which, while he sincerely deplored them, he found himself unable to redress. There is too a living character who, though he cuts no great figure among the literati of the day, will live in the records of philanthropy, when the name of many a more learned and scientific traveller is forgotten. If honest John Campbell does not always satisfy us, as to research or profoundness of information ; he yet pleases us by the unaffected simplicity, and good-natured benevolence, which mark his narrative throughout. If we are sometimes tempted to wish that he had had a man of science at his elbow when he wrote, if not when he travelled ; we can yet never forget the good design which induced him in his old age, twice to leave the comforts of his little parsonage at Kingsland, to cross the Atlantic, and traverse the wilds of Africa ; and when we think of this, there is scarcely any deficiency in such a traveller that we would not be willing to excuse.

And if we have ventured to apologise for the African Association, and the self-devoted victims who have perished in the execution of its designs ; we must also be allowed to express our admiration of the perseverance of the Church Missionary Society, in its efforts for the benefit of the emancipated negroes in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. That ill-fated colony is crowded with the sepulchres of Europeans. Among others missionary after missionary has been sent out thither, ap-

parently only to look round and die. Whatever might be our opinion, as to the propriety either of continuing the colony, or of sending fresh missionaries to it, we cannot presume to censure the Society's steadfast perseverance in its benevolent design; nor can we withhold the tribute of commendation from the zeal of those who have died in labouring to carry it into effect.

We are rejoiced to find it laid down by Professor Jameson, in the volume now before us, as one of his concluding axioms:—

“That from the maritime situation of Sierra Leone and its colonization by Britain, and the connexion of the southern parts of the Great Table-Land with the British settlements on the southern coasts of Africa, we may conjecture that the civilization of the negroes (if that interesting race be not destined to extirpation, as has been the fate of the aborigines of the New World,) will be effected from these two quarters, through the energy, enterprise, and perseverance of missionaries, well instructed in the various useful arts of life, and in the simple and pure principles of Christianity.”

We cordially agree with this opinion. It is not the assertion of an hypothesis; it is a philosophical induction founded on the incontrovertible evidence of well-authenticated facts. Missionaries are evidently destined to be the future explorators, and they will at the same time be the benefactors of Africa. They have already, from its southern extremity, pushed their excursions further than any other travellers in that region. Civilization has followed in their train—villages that would vie with “sweet Auburn” itself, have been gradually displacing the wretched kraals of the aborigines. And Christianity both in the west and in the south, has been for years employed in healing the wounds which European avarice and barbarity had long before been inflicting on the natives of Africa. We cannot but express the hope, that as Algiers has now fallen into the hands of one of the great powers of Christendom, it will become a centre whence rays of light shall emanate, by which the moral and intellectual darkness of that part of Africa shall be effectually removed. Thus improvement going forward hand in hand with discovery, from the north, and from the south, and from the west, we may anticipate, without becoming liable to the charge of Utopianism, that the map of Africa, now almost a blank to the young geographer, shall ere long be studded thick with names of interesting import, in which his mind shall be led from the best of principles to take the liveliest concern; and that this vast continent, instead of exhibiting, as it rolls under its burning sun, a race apparently accursed from the common privileges of humanity, shall present to the eye of heaven myriads of happy beings, whose dark skin shall no longer be looked upon as a badge of infamy, or a warrant for their unjust and cruel treatment, but who, raised by knowledge and religion in the scale of human nature, shall henceforward be deemed worthy of the fraternity and of the affection of the less swarthy portion of their species.

In laying down these interesting volumes, we may be permitted to inquire, how is it that we hear nothing of a series of such periodicals issuing from the Dublin press? Is it from the want of authors, or publishers, or readers? or is it one of the sad effects of the poverty of our land? We leave it to the readers of the *National Magazine* to answer the question.